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information on a subject on which all are concerned, the preservation and restoration of health. I am Sir

Yours, OBSOLETUS.

March 1st, 1809.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

PERMIT me to add a few cursory observations to an interesting Paper in your last Month's Magazine, on that staple article of the Irish export trade, butter. I have no doubt of the success which would attend a trial of Dr. Anderson's receipt, and I truly hope that it may become general. The ordinary process at present in use in this country, in making butter, is, after the parts which constitute that delightful aliment have been separated from the milk, to wash the mass well in cold water, and when the due quantity of salt is worked into it, lay it by for use. I have lately (indeed by accident) been informed of another method which is practised in some parts of the counties of Wexford, and Carlow, and I hear has been attended with considerable success.

The manner is very simple, and it strikes me too as extremely probable that it was the ancient way of treating it. The butter, on taking it out of the churn, is laid on a flat stone or marble slab, and worked or beat very well until the whole of the milk is supposed to have escaped; the salt is then used and the butter is fit for immediate use or keeping, and if I am correctly informed, resists rancidity much longer than when worked in the usual way with water. Perhaps the water being a much finer fluid, penetrating into the porous parts of the butter, and it being difficult to expel it altogether, causes the disagreeable effect mentioned, but this is mere speculation.

The county Carlow butter has long been esteemed in the sister country, and bears a much higher price in its metropolis than any other Irish, the Cork rose not excepted, and such is the opinion that they entertain of its peculiar goodness, and the high name it has acquired, that the Merchants in the neighbouring seaports find it their interest to brand all their prime butter casks with the name, the consequence is that more is sold

in London as Carlow, than is made in the county.

The great and almost only cause of the indifferent quality of a large portion of this country butter is, I am persuaded, owing to the poverty of the dairy-men. Often have I entered the peasant's wretched cabin, and beheld the children, pigs, poultry, &c. scrambling promiscuously on the ground, the family's lowly bed of straw in one corner, while their vessels of milk placed on a few sticks set up in the ground, and a cross one or two at the top, lay in another, and the house so filled with smoke as almost to threaten suffocation.

The few cows also which they possess are generally so very limited, that to have a sufficient quantity of cream for a churning, they hold it over so long, and the wooden keaves, being I am afraid seldom well scalded, it acquires in addition to the smoky, a scarcely less disagreeable taste.

I must mention a practice resorted to here by the butter merchants, to prevent the market prices rising too rapidly; it cannot be condemned too severely. I am not quite certain as to its being confined to this place alone, but I trust it is the case.

A bribe, or *whisper* as it is called, of so much a cask, is given; it generally runs from 6 to 12s. and the seller of the butter, whether the cask be large or otherwise, obtains it.

This as I before mentioned, keeps down the nominal price here, and the real one in the country towns, that look to this place, as a mart for their butter. But the practice leaves such a glaring temptation open to the farmer's sons, or servants, as the *whisper* is so easily reduced, not taking to account (as I imagine) the evident injustice of the custom, that it ought to be discouraged as much as possible.

RECLUSE.

Waterford, March 19, 1809.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH LADIES...
BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, WHO LIVED IN
FRANCE SEVERAL YEARS, AND ON WHOSE
ARM THE EMPRESS HERSELF SOMETIMES
DEIGNED TO LEAN.

WELL did Sterne say, that nothing here was *sulique* but the government, for the Ladies of France to

indemnify themselves for this exclusion from the Throne, have seized on the most despotic power, and rule over their subjects with absolute sway.

A pretty woman in France is a sovereign prince who knows neither resistance nor controul. She is an ambitious potentate, that makes conquests and cedes them, and will exchange a subject as a province. In the midst of her circle she is a law-giver, and her decrees, like the proclamations of King Henry the Eighth, have the full force of acts of parliament. At her toilet she holds her levee—in her *boudoir* she gives private audience, and in her bed she receives her ministers. She has favourites and officers of state, and confirms her honours with a kiss of her hand. Her train is filled with rival courtiers and zealous expectants, whom she keeps in peace and civility by her sovereign authority. Her forces, like her ways and means, are inexhaustible. She pays her servants with a smile, and subdues her enemies with a frown. She makes war with the artillery of her eyes, and peace she seals with the impression of her lips. Rebels and malecontents she punishes with exile or death as the case may be. She protects learning, science and the arts. Authors submit their works to her, and artists implore her patronage. She receives the homage of the gay, of the grave, of the old, and of the young. The sage, the hero, the wit and the philosopher, all range themselves under her banners and obey her laws. As to her capacities, she is but an elegant little variety of man. Her titles are undisputed. Ask whose house that is—it belongs to *Madame une telle*. Has she a husband? I can't say: I never saw any.

Will you have a more familiar instance? I was sitting at the fire side with my wife—a tradesman brought in a pair of boots—I asked if they were my boots. I do not know, sir,

I believe they are for the husband of Madame. Inquire who is that cavalier. He is of the society of Madame—She is the sun of a sphere, and all her planets and satellites waltze round her—and her voice is the music of the sphere. Taught from her infancy to please, and conscious of her power by its effects, she wears the air of acknowledged superiority and receives man's submission as her due. Yet ever zealous to extend her empire, ever active in maintaining it, she neglects no art, no charm, no seduction. When she moves, it is all grace—when she sings, it is all sentiment—when she looks, it is all expression—when she languishes, it is all softness—when she frolics, it is all riot—when she sighs, it is all tenderness—when she smiles it is all happiness—and when she laughs it is all mirth: She is good-humoured from philosophy, and kind from calculation. Her beauty is her treasure, and she knows that all ill humours impair it, she therefore shuns strong emotions, and becomes upon principle dispassionate and cold, for her ambition is to be adored and not to love—Hold, hold! I hear you exclaim—then she is a coquette! Alack-a-day, my friend, and it is even so.

But let justice ever guide my pen. However coquettish these fascinating beings may be; however generally they may be charged with gallantry, and I am no knight-errant, nor bound to prove the contrary; yet I believe many there are who speak of them unfairly and “fancy raptures that they never knew.” And I think I can assure you that there are in France as affectionate and faithful wives, as tender and attentive mothers, as in any other country of the earth. Such, however are not naturally the first to present themselves to the acquaintance of the stranger or the traveller.

H. W.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

AN ACCOUNT OF WILLIAM RATHBONE, OF LIVERPOOL; TAKEN FROM THE ATHENÆUM FOR LAST MONTH.

THE commemoration of departed worth is a debt due no less to the living than to the dead, and it would

be unjust to the present age to suffer the virtues and talents of one of its brightest ornaments, recently withdrawn from it, to pass away without particular notice.

William Rathbone, who died on the